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We are well aware, that, at a time when cotemporary Biography occupies so large a portion of most periodical Works in this country—when it has become so common to publish Biographical memoirs of living Characters, we hazard at least a dubious experiment, by calling the attention of our Readers to the following sketch of one long since deceased. Nor do we know precisely that they would approve the selection we have made, if willing at all to change the precedent; but we have often heard enquiries from intelligent and worthy men, that led us to suppose there was still wanting something of the kind that we now offer to the Public. Under the influence of these impressions, we are exceedingly gratified in having obtained the following very interesting article, from a gentleman who is in every respect well qualified to do justice to his subject. If we mistake not, it will be perused with the highest interest. After a lapse of near 40 years, there are but few of the eye-witnesses remaining, to relate the trying scenes of our revolutionary struggles, and the war for Independence. Among the few who have lived to this day, there may be a due remembrance of the past—but let us ask, is not the present generation making too much haste to forget the trials and difficulties of that period, from which we reckon our National existence? Here, then, is a well-timed appeal—a powerful and pathetic incentive to retrospection, presented by a man who saw much of public service, and who has, with the independence of a veteran, very feelingly spoken of what he himself has seen.

It was our intention to accompany this, either with a Portrait of Baron Steuben, or a picture of the Monument erected to his memory in the German Reformed Church, in New-York, of which he was a member. Perhaps we may yet succeed in good time; but our measures that at first seemed to promise, have not been attended with the success that we expected. Editor.

FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE BARON STEUBEN.

I am not certain in what part of Germany, though I think it was in Suabia, that this respectable man was born. He was not a Prussian, for had I, said he, speaking of the strong passions of Frederick the Second, had I been born his subject, I should have been sent to Spandau, for daring to demand a dismission from his service.

The Baron had been for some time in the family, and friendship of Prince Henry, the king's brother, of whom he never spoke but with the greatest tenderness and affection. In an unfortunate campaign of the seven years' war, the prince incurred the displeasure of his harsh brother; who directed him to retire from the army, and ordered his aids-de-camp to their different corps, or put them upon such unpleasant duty as might make them feel the misfortune of belonging to a man who had dared to displease, perhaps to disobey him.

Steuben was sent into Silesia to recruit, equip, and discipline, within a certain period, a corps broken down by long and hard service. The pecuniary allowance for this object, was entirely inadequate; but who, in the Prussian service, dared to murmur or remonstrate! By the assistance of friends, funds were found, and the regiment complete, was marched to head quarters within the time. Pleased with the prompt performance of a duty, of the arduousness of which the king was well apprized, the Baron received his compliments, and in a little time after, the appointment of aid-de-camp to the monarch, with the charge of superintending the department of the quarter master general. It was undoubtedly an excellent part of the Prussian system:—the different departments, each having a particular person near the commander in chief, to whom every officer of the corps could, on all occasions, address himself; and on whom at every moment, and for every kind of information relative to the branch of service with which the aid-de-camp was connected, the king could call. In this proud station he remained four years; why it was abandoned I never knew, I never asked; for though some anecdotes of the king's conduct, to his officers, which were heard with silent wonder, were from time to time told, there was a delicacy observed in speaking of that great man's faults, which marked the feelings of profound respect, with which he was remembered. When the death of his old master was announced, I saw a tear steal down the Baron's cheek.—Strong ties are broken when stern soldiers weep! An American, who had been prisoner on Long Island, had said, a German officer had informed him that it was understood the king was jealous of the Baron's military reputation—it was mentioned; jealous of me! said the Baron, the fellow was a fool, a sot! There can however, be no doubt, of the consideration in which the military knowledge of the Baron was held. When General Lincoln, then secretary for the department of war, was directed by Congress, to apply to the different powers of Europe for a transcript of their military codes, Monsr. de Hertsbergh, prime minister of Prussia, answered that the instructions in question had never been published, or transcribed, except for the chiefs of the army, to whom alone they were confided; adding, that he was surprized at the request, having understood that Baron Steuben, was in the service of the United States, who knew every thing relative to the Prussian military system, *au fond*.—Major Jackson, then of the war office, politely sent the Baron the above extract from the Prime Minister's letter. Whatever may

have been the cause, the Baron retired from Prussia, and entered into the service of the sovereign Prince, Charles of Baden, who gave him, with the order of fidelity, the command of his troops amounting to between three and four thousand men. Some time after he was elected, or, appointed Lieutenant General, of one of the circles of the Empire; a station, rather honorary than lucrative. The troops of the circles were militia, and the duty at that time little more than attending a periodical review. How changed, for many years, has been the situation and duties of those unfortunate people! God help them, they have drank deep of the cup of affliction!

The Baron's income from his military and ecclesiastical rank, for he was a canon of the church, amounted to the value of five hundred and eighty Louis d'ors per annum. By whom he was made a dignitary of the church, I have forgotten, but it is certain that not only the king of Prussia, but other continental sovereigns bestowed church livings on their officers; nor would Frederick, I presume, have felt any scruples of conscience, in assigning the whole revenues of the church millitant, to troops, in whose weapons and tactics he had greater confidence, could the assignment have been effected without danger or disgrace. In a country where money was so valuable, that a chief cook, or a coachman could be hired for ten dollars and a suit of clothes, per annum; where many of the luxuries, and all the necessaries of life, were proportionably cheap—twenty-four, or twenty-five hundred dollars a year, was a revenue which put its possessor much at his ease.—The Baron frequently passed his winters in Paris. In that city, in 1776, he first met Benjamin Franklin, our Ambassador at the court of Versailles, in the society of Count de Vergennes and the Prince de Montbarre, then secretary at war. Mr. Franklin, venerable in his appearance, high in reputation, and full of enthusiasm in the cause of his country, spoke with energy and with all the art of a politician, of the undaunted spirit of the people of the United States, of their ample means, and well founded hopes; of the glory to him who should effectually assist in laying the foundation of a great empire, and of the gratitude, honors and rewards which awaited the man, who should give instruction in the military art, to the brave but undisciplined army under Washington! The French ministers supported the arguments and joined in all the wishes of the philosophic negociator. It was undoubtedly the intention of the king, their master, they said, to declare himself as soon as circumstances would permit, the protector of this virtuous people, who had bravely taken arms against an haughty, and imperious nation, whose ambition went to the subjugation, not only of America but of Europe. That though the moment had not yet arrived, in which the king could openly espouse the cause of the Americans, steps were now taking secretly to supply them with arms, and there could be no doubt of his favorable regard to him, who, by teaching the most effectual mode of using them, would render essential service to an oppressed people, struggling against their tyrant. The glory attendant on a successful

achievement of this untried adventure, was painted in such glowing colours, (and who can colour like the French?) and the picture so often presented to view, that the Baron, without entering into, or demanding any stipulations with Messrs. Franklin or Dean, returned in the spring of 1777, to Germany, resigned his places, and their emoluments, came back to France, and in the autumn of the same year embarked for the United States, on board a ship, freighted, ostensibly by private persons, but in fact, by Louis the Sixteenth, with arms, clothing and munitions of war, and commanded by Captain Landais, a brave and experienced officer, who had sailed round the world with Monsr. de Bougainville, and who for the service he then performed to this nation, deserved a recompense, the benefits of which he might yet feel. I passed, not long since, this veteran in the street at New-York, and saw, with pain, that adverse gales seemed still to thwart his course.

The Baron landed in December, at Portsmouth, in New-Hampshire. The first time I saw him, was in the spring of 1778, at an assembly, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He had been received in the most distinguished manner by Congress, then in session at York, and was on his way to Head Quarters, at Valley Forge. His reputation had preceded him, and those who yet remember his graceful entry, and manner in a ball room, the novel splendor of his star, and its accompanying ornaments, can easily conceive the feelings of his countrymen, and of their assembled wives and daughters; they might indeed with honest Fluelling, have "thanked God, that they had no reason to be ashamed of him." The troops, in log huts, at Valley Forge, were in the most abject state of want; ill armed, worse fed, confined to their gloomy habitations, by sickness, or the want of raiment. The Baron, frequently afterwards declared, that no European army could have been kept together under such dreadful deprivations. What must have been his feelings, to see, as he passed with General Washington through the cantonment, the half naked figures, and to hear at every turn, the hollow, mournful cry, No pay! No provisions! No clothes! No rum! His heart sickened at the scene, and well it might; the misery was great! Beef from the pine barrens of North-Carolina, poor to a proverb, and yellow with, perhaps, the billious fever of the country, without the luxury of salt! Good Heaven! François, said an officer, as he saw black grains floating on the top of the camp kettle, Good Heaven! where did you get black pepper? it is not pepper, it is dried whortleberries, said the Frenchman; and if not those not any thing—O! 'twas wretched there, and almost every where throughout the war. I mean not with the citizens, though with them it was full bad. I knew a delegate in congress, who offered his watch to Mrs. House, in Philadelphia, as a pledge for payment of his board; she had the grace and goodness to refuse the offer, and to let the debt remain till he could pay it—that man of high worth and honor, of large possessions, and most respectable connections—Why should I hesitate to say, that man was James Duane? In such a time it was honest, it was virtuous to be poor. But I must quit this

theme, or it will lead me where I do not wish to go; perhaps the present generation would have suffered more, with better bearing. The spring opened, partial supplies were received, and the Baron commenced his labors, as Inspector General; and certainly it was a brave attempt. Without understanding a word of our language, to think of bringing men, born free, and joined together to preserve their freedom, into strict subjection; to obey without a word, a look, the mandates of a master! that master, once their equal, or possibly beneath them, in whatever might become a man! It was a brave attempt, which nothing but virtue, or high raised hopes of glory could have supported. At the first parade, the troops neither understanding the command, nor how to follow in a changement to which they had not been accustomed, even with the instructor at their head, were getting fast into confusion. At this moment, Captain, now Colonel Walker, then of the 2d New-York Regt., advanced from his platoon, and offered his assistance to translate the orders, and interpret to the troops. If, said the Baron, I had seen an angel from Heaven, I should not have been more rejoiced. The officers in the army who spoke English and French fluently, were indeed very few in number—how few were so capable of giving assistance to the Baron, in the formation of his system. Walker became, from that moment, his aid-de-camp, and remained to the end of the Baron's life, his dear and most worthy friend. From the commencement of instruction, no time, no pains, no fatigue was thought too great, in pursuit of this great object Through the whole of each campaign, when troops were to manœuvre, and that was almost every day, the Baron rose at three o'clock; while his servant dressed his hair, he smoked a single pipe, and drank one cup of coffee, was on horseback at sunrise, and with or without his suit galloped to the parade; there was no waiting for a tardy aid-de-camp; and those who followed, wished they had not slept! Nor was there need of chiding; when duty was neglected, or military etiquette infringed, the Baron's look was quite sufficient. It was a question, why in the first instance, our troops had been put to the performance of the great manœuvres? I beg pardon for calling them *great*, but they were great to us, for we were ignorant. Bland's exercise, and Symmes' military guide, were almost the only poor and scanty sources from which we drew. To the question it was answered, that in fact there was no time to spare in learning the minutiæ—the troops must be prepared for instant combat; that on a field of battle, how to display or fold a column, or to change a front, was of the first consequence; that the business was to give the troops a relish for their trade, a confidence in their skill, in the performance of complicated evolutions. That even if time permitted, the officers copying the bad example, set them by the British, of referring all instruction to the sergeants, would feel themselves degraded, in attending to an awkward squad; but the time will come, said he, when a better mode of thinking will prevail; then we will attend to the A B C of the profession. This prophecy was amply fulfilled—a year or two afterwards, the

Baron said to me, do you see there, sir, your Colonel instructing that recruit? I thank God for that!

On the 17th of June, the battle of Monmouth was fought. Colonel Hamilton said that he had never known, or conceived the value of discipline, till that day. The Baron had no command in the line, for although Congress had given him the rank of Major General, the benefits expected to be received from his military acquirements were not to be confined to a single division of the army. Indeed there were other reasons; the troops were not more in number than the older Major Generals could command; and there was such an influx of Frenchmen, from the continent, and from the islands, all demanding, and many receiving high rank, that the American Officers began to be disgusted, and to murmur loudly at being commanded by foreigners. What the Baron had received, had been given without asking for, and he wisely left it to time and service to point out his station. The assistance he gave in forming the troops and in reconnoitering the enemy, in which service he narrowly escaped being taken, were acknowledged. His report to the Commander in Chief, respecting the situation of the enemy, and of the column commanded by General Lee, induced that gentleman, in his defence, to make some remarks of which the Baron thought it proper to ask an immediate explanation. It was given, and in the most satisfactory manner. General Lee, conscious of the part he had acted, with respect to General Washington, probably looked upon that gentleman's friends as his own enemies. He had been unfortunate, and believing that he had little favour to expect, he stood, as it were, at bay. He had an exalted opinion of British troops, with whom he had formerly served, and not great confidence in those he commanded—but whether their misbehaviour before the enemy was owing to a want in their commander of skill and energy, I recollect was, at the time, doubted. So soon as the army became stationary, the Inspector General introduced a system of inspection and police, which pervaded every branch of the service, within its purview, and by which millions were saved every campaign, after it was in operation. Honorable and worthy men, yet in existence, among whom are Judge Peters and Colonel Pickering, cannot but remember, to what a ruinous extent the spoil and waste of tents, arms, ammunition, accoutrements and camp equipage, was carried.—Both those gentlemen were then of the board of war, and have not forgotten the incalculable service rendered by the Baron, to our country. One of those respectable patriots, it was Judge Peters, said, not three months since, 'sir, the services of our friend, cannot be too highly estimated. I knew him well, and take him altogether, a better man did not exist.' To whom else, how few the number left—To whom can I appeal! The masters and the laborers, in that great work of independence, have passed away; and with them, how great a portion of the virtue and the talents of our country! With what strict scrutiny were the inspections made! I have seen the Baron and his assistants, seven long hours inspecting a brigade of three small regiments! Every man not present must be accounted for—if in camp, sick or well, they

were produced, or visited; every musket handled, searched, cartridge boxes opened, even the flints and cartridges counted; knapsacks unslung, and every article of clothing spread on the soldier's blanket, and tested by his little book, whether what he had received from the United States, within the year, was there, if not, to be accounted for. Hospitals, stores, laboratories, every place, and every thing, was open to inspection, and inspected: and what officer's mind was at ease, if losses or expenditures, could not, on the day of searching, be fully and fairly accounted for! The inspections were every month, and wonderful was the effect, not only with regard to economy, but in creating a spirit of emulation between different corps. I have known the subalterns of a regiment, appropriate one of their two rations to the bettering the appearance of their men; but this was at a later period of the war, when supplies and payments were more ample and more regular. It was, I think, in the winter of 1778—9 that the Baron formed and published his regulations. The difficulties he encountered in carrying on that work, were indeed great. The bookstores were not then filled with military authors and compilers. All he set down, was drawn from his own recollections of the Prussian code and service; these to be arranged in order, the language in which they were written to be translated into English, and by those not conversant with military evolutions, scarcely with military phrase. To sketch, re-sketch the plates, and fit them for the engraver—the engraver, the paper, the types and printer, with difficulty to be found. None but those who lived in those dark days of poverty and dearth of every thing, can think a thousandth part of all the penury with which we were surrounded. The *Blue Book* at last appeared, and was studied; and except the bible, was held in the highest estimation. 1779 and 1780, passed, as well as I recollect, in attending to the discipline of the army, and without any occurrence of greater moment, in which the Baron was engaged. The flight of Arnold, which was announced in whispers, at midnight, and the trial and execution of Major Andre, gave birth to strong, but very different feelings in his breast. With the inevitable fate of the unfortunate British Adjutant General, he was exceedingly affected. It is not possible, said he, to save him. He put us to no proof, but in an open manly manner, confessed every thing but a premeditated design to deceive. Would to God, the wretch who drew him to his death, could have suffered in his place! In the autumn of 1780, the Baron was ordered to the southward. General Gates had been defeated, and his force dispersed. The southern states were supposed to be in the greatest danger, and that the war, in that country, could be committed to no one with more propriety than to General Greene. There was full time, during the journey to mature the plan of operation. Baron Steuben was left in Virginia, to gather whatever of men or means might possibly be gathered, to form the troops, and at all risk of clamour or dissatisfaction of the Virginians, to disfurnish their state, for the moment, in the hope of securing its ultimate safety.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the Editor of the American Magazine.

SIR,

IN this country, where the sea of liberty is so accessible to all the impulses of tempestuous freedom, there are few individuals who have not seen something of the manner in which the agitations of its waves affect the various individuals who compose the *acting members* of political communities. We have all seen enough of this, to have fixed ideas of the character of those men whose course is always with the tempest, when they can no longer carry sail to the storm. The man who turns with the times, and changes his politics as the preponderances change, is regarded, by us, as a creature not to be trusted—he is despised by every honest man. We set a mark upon him, which is not easily removed.

These reflections have been occasioned by a recent perusal of some files of the *Moniteur*, published at Paris in 1804—5, &c., during the reign of the late Emperor of France. At this remoteness of time, when so many of the minor events of that period had been forgotten, it is really interesting to look over these papers. The mere plan of the ceremonial of the coronation of Bonaparte, as Emperor of France, occupies three entire Moniteurs. But what more particularly excites my attention, is the names of the persons who then figured away in the Imperial Court, and the parts assigned to each in the Imperial Drama. To trace each of those personages through all the subsequent events, is not my purpose; but it may be well worth while for every one of your readers, to give to this subject a little attention. The Duke of Otranto, (then *Fouche*,) was particularly complimented on that occasion, for his excellent organization and disposition of the Police of Paris. Let us recollect who is Fouche, and who and what he has been, and now is? Talleyrand, Bernadotte, Berthier, Murat, and a hundred others may be recollected; and the history of these men may be full of instruction.

But the purpose of this paper, is to call to the recollection of your readers the result of their own knowledge of men in this country, who have been the time-and-tide servers of parties—and to fix, indelibly in their minds, the sentiments of disgust which such conduct has begotten, toward the proper objects. The time-serving policy that we have had occasion to reprobate in this country, has only been produced by a kind of small game, in the play of parties:—a mere strife for political power, without bloodshed, and, as yet, without inflicting any deadly wounds on the Constitution. In France, this description of men have played for the liberties of 20,000,000 of people; and in 20 years, have effected near 20 Revolutions, by which many millions of human beings have lost their lives! Their game has extended its influence over all Europe, and has been the means of unmaking, making, and unmaking again more kings and emperors, great and small, than so many ages could have produced, had not these time-servers been permitted to control the affairs of the world;—

as they really have done, mortifying as the observation may seem. With our experience, what must we think of the men who have thus acted? These things ought to impress a lesson on the mind of every man who prizes the liberty he still enjoys;—and this lesson should be held dear to his recollections, for the good of himself, his posterity, his country, and the whole world of mankind. It was by the aid of men of this description that a successful general stole upon the hearts of the French, seized the Imperial purple, enslaved 40,000,000 of people, and dragged the flower of their youth after him to perish in 'the frightful climes' of Russia, by which his own power was subverted. The present destination of that man, may be some consolation to many at this day.—But for what have so many died miserably?—what great good exists to compensate for so many sacrifices? I have endeavoured, in vain, to find some, for I would fain be satisfied that for so much evil, some good exists, by way of atonement. Where is it?—save in the gratification of a very few, at the expense of some other few, whose conflicting interests have drenched the world in blood? But the prospect is sickening to humanity, and forbidding to reason. Let us derive from the contemplation whatever of instruction it may afford, that we may long cherish a remembrance of that watchful vigilance over the affairs of our own country, which the occasion and the lesson so imperiously enjoin upon us.

Had I not been in France during several years of the most stormy period of its commotions and revolutions, I could not have felt those sentiments of horror that I now feel, at a retrospection of its distresses and sacrifices:—for, out of France, I had never known the one half. Nor could I, being in any other country, have seen the darkest side of the human character, so fully developed, so indelibly pourtrayed. It was a country, and an age of revolutions, which gave to those intriguers, and time-servers, and scene-shifters, full and constant occupation. Need I add, then, that those scenes have increased my dislike of a character—of certain descriptions of people, to be found in all countries? Having known ***, and **, and many others of those in France, who have been so long the successful plotters of events, and the turn-coats and panders of power, I have no new lessons to learn respecting man in my native country. Give to America the crowded population that France had, with a public mind no more enlightened; give her a Paris in its centre, a French Government, and a French Revolution—that is, a similar Revolution—and America, and Americans, would do all of evil that France and Frenchmen have done. I might go on to observe in this way; but however faithful and just the picture and the conclusions, few would realize them, and many would scoff the writer and his writing. Faction would still second faction, and each in its turn would have its day. Men will never be persuaded against popular opinion;—or at least they never have been—and the remembrance of this historical fact, to a reflecting, reasoning people, blest with as much liberty as man can enjoy in a so-

cial state, would be worth more than a thousand volumes of the fine-spun theories of political romance. Had France not had a government of the people, the people could not have been enslaved by their own consent; and her immense population had never been chained to the car of her late Imperial despot, to aid in the subjugation of the world!

And now, Sir, I have a paradox, of all others the most paradoxical, to propose to you. How can it have happened, that in this country, where I drew the breath of my nativity, and imbibed the sentiments of a Republican from the milk of my mother; where I learnt from the example, and the scars, and the tales of our country's wrongs, related by a veteran father, to love the Republic with my whole heart;—how can it have happened, I say, that for these *sins*, or for such sentiments as you have above, I should have been proscribed by the men of this day, as a foe to my country? Is it the work of that spirit of denunciation, whose final catastrophe I have witnessed in a foreign country, shedding rivers of blood?—pause then, my countrymen—for Heaven's sake beware! Sport not thus with your liberties, nor indulge your angry and jjealous passions in denunciation and proscription;—it is a darling child of democracy which you are cherishing; playful in youth, but a giant, terrible and fatal to Republics in old age. AMERICANUS.

To the Editor of the American Magazine.

SIR,

IT so happened, lately, that in a select party of young ladies, some questions arose in the course of the afternoon, about the proper pronunciation of the name St. Helena—and while this was under discussion, the name of Cowper, the poet, was also made the subject of critical examination. It is almost needless to say that though we did not go deeply into the lore of antiquity, nor finally settle the points of discussion, there was a pretty good display of learning among us. As we could not agree, and as a select number of young gentlemen were to join our party in the evening, it was agreed that the disputed points should be referred to them for decision. We had been principally divided in opinion about placing the accent on Helena—some calling it Hel'ena, and some Hele'na,—or, lest you should not understand my marks, some placing the accent on the first, and some on the second syllable; making it Hel'-e-na, and Hel-e'-na. When we came to agitate the question concerning the name of Cowper, there was as wide a difference as in the case above noticed. While one admired 'the Task' of Cowper, another, avoiding the apparent vulgarity of the sound, insisted that it was Cooper's 'Task,' which she admired; and if the lady could show any good authority for *Cowing* the name of her favorite author, she would immediately abandon her own opinion, though she should be extremely sorry to be obliged to do so. Thus the matter stood at 10, when our Beaus joined the party;—and had *their* reasons been conclusive, either on the one side or the other, I am sure I should not

have troubled you with these enquiries. After all I heard that evening about analogy, with a good deal of Greek, and grammar, I am not yet satisfied. Pray, Sir, are there no rules, fixed, and well understood, by which to settle points of such importance? Is there no standard, for reference, in these cases? The first of these names is now spoken many hundred times every day, in the United States—and a great many of the speakers aim at strict correctness, which is always desirable. Perhaps some of your Correspondents may do me the favor to notice these cases, and I am sure that by doing so they may render a service to many, besides JULIA.

MR. SPRAGUE—SIR,

If your fair correspondent, JULIA, will examine Walker's 'Key to the Classical Pronunciation of Greek, Latin, and Scripture Proper Names,' pages 88, and 168, [Boston, 1808, 8vo.] she will find the authority of that writer for placing the accent of Hel'ena on the antepenultimate, or the first syllable.

The true pronunciation of *Cowper*, may be settled, both by analogy and by popular usage, to be the natural sound of the diphthong ou, which rhymes with now, &c. The very few exceptions, in our language, to this rule, have never been formally regarded by Grammarians. The British have a poet of the name of Cooper, whose name, it is believed, is never confounded with that of the author of the Task, by the usage of the learned in Britain. JULIUS.

To the Editor of the American Magazine.

SIR,

I am so much gratified with the result of an experiment I have been making on the construction of candles, that I send a brief notice of it for your Magazine. Whether the thought is new or old to the public, I know not, but to me it was lately new, that candles would give more light if a small tube could be fixed within the wick, extending from one end of the candle to the other, through which there should be a constant stream of air to supply the flame in the interior part, where it is usually less bright and radiant than at the exterior. I tried the thought, and the result seems to be productive of an advantage that is worthy of attention. A small straw of rye or oats, is readily placed in the centre of the wick, the ends of which may be stopped by being dipped in some beeswax and bay-berry tallow, to prevent the cavity being filled with tallow in the mould, or in the dipping. Clipping the lower end opens the straw, which is easily opened at the upper end, by clipping off a little piece: and on being lighted, the extra labour is not regretted. Perhaps few people would be disposed to adopt an alteration that required even this little additional expense, in a matter so familiar and simple as that of making candles; but I can assure you that the advantage of doing it is very obvious on trial, and must be far greater than most people would readily imagine. And at least, the experi-

ment is a brilliant one; which reflects as much light on philosophy as any other philosophism of the age. It is therefore worthy of the attention of men of scientific research, and would afford a pretty evening's employment for the chemical and philosophical virtuoso.

I have dipped some of my straws in melted beeswax, till each one became a little miniature of a candle, and then placed it in the wick as before directed, when I have produced a light exceeding any other I ever saw from a candle. Every part of the flame seemed to possess a brighter hue, indicating a more perfect combustion, and it afforded a greater radiancy of light.

It must be observed, however, that to render the combustion as perfect as may be, and of course to derive the greatest possible advantage from it, the wick and the tallow must be duly proportioned:—that the one may be consumed just as fast as the other. Were this the case, and the tallow good, a candle would very rarely want snuffing—while the flame, burning with near the same color next the wick as on the outside, would give a greater quantity of light from a given quantity of tallow and wick-yarn. I have sought to obtain this due proportion, and I might claim some advantage to my candles from having effected it. But this is a matter about which the public take little concern, since every body knows how to make candles, and whether they are made in the best possible manner or not, they are at least made just as they have been made during a great many past years. Suppose I could show that a saving of 5 or 10 per cent. could be made in the annual expense of all the candles consumed in the United States, it would then be every body's business, and nobody would attend to it, save a few of those singular beings who are always employing their time upon trifling things, the object of popular contempt or private commiseration. Woe be to that man who shall innovate upon the established usages and habits of many men, however great the gain. A man would as soon consult his dictionary for the meaning of the familiar, short words of his mother-tongue, known, perfectly, from usage, since he first learned to lisp them in his infancy, as to direct his house-keeper or his candle-maker in the *art* of making candles!

Sure, then, that with the many, I lose this labor, I turn from the cheerless prospect to you, Mr. Editor—for of you I am certain. Already I see your grave matter-of-fact reasonings laid aside, while, in pursuit of my hint, your *classick* hands are bedaubed with tallow and wax!

Good speed to you, Sir, and success to all your speculations, without regard to the colour of the cover in which they may be done up, or to the butterfly insects that flit round the windows of your laboratory, attracted by the light of *my* candles. Let the experiments be fairly tried, and I am fully persuaded the result will justify my high expectations. G.

To the Editor of the American Magazine.

Sir,

I have, in my possession, the Journal of a distinguished American Traveller, who spent many years in Europe, travelling in France, Holland, Germany, Spain, Italy, and England, and who returned to America, in 1784. This Journal abounds with minute memoranda, and if it will contribute to your aid in furnishing a monthly fare for your readers, it is at your service. Should you approve my plan, I will probably furnish you with some extracts, monthly, with which to interlard your valuable Miscellany, in which I wish to see a large portion of original matter, various of course, for various tastes. Your readers here will doubtless be gratified to see such extracts from this Journal as I propose to send you, preserved in your Work. And if your neighbours are pleased with the long tale of the Old Man of Bern, let them accord to us an indulgence demanded by partialities equally local. The old man who kept the Journal in my hands, is endeared to us by many grateful recollections of esteem, and by a remembrance of the substantial benefits which we have derived from his patriotism and an ardent zeal in the cause of his country.

October, 1815. BERKSHIRE.

Sunday, 3d October, 1784.—I arrived in Rhode Island, after an absence of nearly six years from my native soil. Standing to the N. E. on that morning—the cry of land! land! from the mast head, the most grateful word a poor landsman can hear, cheered our delighted hearts.* I cannot call to mind ever passing a more agreeable day—the weather was fine—the wind favorable—our ship in full dress with all her sails spread—and sailing along with a moderate breeze, parallel with the coast of Long Island on our left;—we then speedily passed Block Island, and Point Judith, and directly found ourselves in the midst of the pleasant Islands in Naraganset Bay.

Here I must not omit to mention the impression every object made on my mind, as we drew on the coast of beloved America, the only free country on earth. Several years' absence, posting about in the different parts of Europe, had nearly obliterated from my recollection the face of my native country, and familiarized me with those of Europe;—it is probable therefore, I met every object with the eyes of an European.—A clear blue sky—the fields of corn—wooden houses—and woods interspersed changed the scene, and led me into deep meditation, drawing in my mind a comparative view of America, in its present state, with that of Europe, and the wonderful progress it had made from a state of nature within two centuries.

We dropped anchor in the evening, abreast of Warwick Neck. Our Captain being anxious to transmit his packet of letters to his owners in Providence, I volunteered my services, and landed upon the Neck at 11 o'clock. The moment I jumped out the boat, and stood erect on American soil, I turned my face eastward, and gave an eternal adieu to Europe, and my numerous acquaintances in its various parts: the recollection of many of which I shall cherish to the close of life with delight.

* We had strong indications for two days previous, that we were drawing on to a friendly coast—the smell of land—hovering of birds over our mast—and the change of the colour of the water.

France, old France, and its happy sons—who know nothing of English phlegm—although deprived of liberty, and all its Godlike attributes, yet they have found the secret of being the happiest people in the world.

At this late hour of the night, I entered a spacious farm-yard, with my three sailors;—being assailed by dogs, it aroused the family, as we approached the door of a decent farm house, and knocking, we were directed "*Walk.*" The door being on the latch, we entered without ceremony, and discovered by an occasional flash of light, a venerable farmer in his night shirt, blowing up a light, and surveying us earnestly as the candle catched the flame. Sit down, sit down, my friends; where are you from? From London—just arrived—and in pursuit of a horse. It is too late—you are welcome to a bed with us: concluding to accept his hospitable offer, I dispatched my sailors, and lighting a pipe, puffed in concert with this independent farmer, whose curiosity led him to a thousand queries as to Europe, our voyage, &c.: his wife, lying in the corner of the kitchen, soon joined in our chat. The old man soon conducted me to a spacious chamber, decently furnished, a clean bed, and night cap, duly adjusted. Good God, said I, in reposing my head on the pillow, such, O Father of all mercies, are thy blessings bestowed on an independent American farmer, although the country is yet reeking in the mingled blood of Englishmen and Americans. These were my last pleasing reflections—and at the dawn of day all was in motion below, and about the house. I rose, and from three chamber windows, I contemplated an excellent farm in fine order, with every appearance of independent ease and abundance. I soon took my hospitable host by the hand in the farm yard, and was expressing to him in glowing language, the strong effusions of my mind—but alas! to my utter astonishment, he fetched a deep sigh, and I observed an air of anxiety, and discontent depicted on his countenance. Ah! says he, to be sure I have got a good farm, well stocked, and thank heaven, I don't owe a cent to any man, but these confounded taxes are enough to ruin a poor farmer.

Not knowing the extent of his burthens, although every appearance indicated they could not be very serious, pray Sir, says I, how much tax do you pay in a year? About $30, and before the war my tax did not exceed 3 or 4 dollars a year.

And is it possible, says I, that such a small tax can disturb a moment's repose? You are now enjoying the blessings of liberty and independence for less than thirty dollars a year, and from all appearance, in a few years it will dwindle down to the old mark.

You know not, my friend, says I, how to prize your blessings. Can you have already forgotten the universal language in our revolutionary war? "*I will freely sacrifice one half of my property to gain our independence, and secure the rest.*" I wish it were possible for every farmer in America to have gone over the ground I have measured in Europe, these last five years,

and to have witnessed the misery and wretchedness I have seen among the farmers in that unfortunate portion of the globe, and the corruption and depravity among the higher classes. They would all gladly hasten back, kiss the American soil, and call it truly blessed, and forever thereafter hold their peace in pious gratitude to the great fountain of all good. I was gratified to observe my morning's lecture evidently remove the mist of anxiety which had obscured an intelligent countenance, and I trust and hope its effects will be salutary and lasting. Would to God I could at that moment have been within hearing of every discontented farmer in the United States of America.

THE ALBANY WATER WORKS.

The importance of a constant and certain supply of pure and wholesome water, to the inhabitants of populous towns, can hardly be duly appreciated, and there is little danger that it should ever be overrated. And when it is considered that the clayey soils of the river-hills, and the alluvial flats on which this city is built, afford very little good water by digging in any part, and none that can be called pure and soft; the importance of a competent supply of that of a good quality may be duly appreciated. We are well aware that by far the largest portion of our readers have no immediate interest in being informed of the extent of the recent improvements, and the laudable enterprize of a Company for supplying this city with water. And yet the magnitude of the works, and the novel facts connected with their execution, claim at least all the attention that we are disposed to bestow upon them.

The city of Albany is now supplied with water by an IRON CONDUIT of 3¼ miles in length, capable of delivering 400,000 gallons daily, into a Reservoir of hewn stone of that capacity, situated on a commanding elevation that overlooks the principal part of the town. This aqueduct is fed by a single spring, of a cool and uniform temperature; and there are about eight miles of wooden pipes or aqueducts, now laid, that extend the circulation from the Reservoir through all the principal streets, from which lateral ones conduct the water into the houses. It is intended to lay all these in cast iron. The main aqueduct, of iron, has a bore of 6¼ inches diameter, and it is thought that the method of connecting the pipes, *or joints*, as they are called, very successfully devised by the Superintendent of the Company, is an improvement on any of the modes hitherto known. It is done by inserting the pipes into each other, and the joint is made perfectly tight by a rim of soft lead. Some curious and interesting facts, concerning the expansive power of heat on these iron pipes, which have resulted from experience in this enterprize, ought to be generally known, and especially to all those who may have an immediate interest in knowing them.

These works have cost the Company the whole amount of their capital, which is 80,000 dollars. The main aqueduct from the spring to the city, was first laid in wood, large yellow pine logs, in 1802; and these were so far decayed in 1813, as to threaten a failure in the supply of water, and a total loss to the Company of all their advances, which had amounted to 40,000 dollars—at that time the whole amount of capital that was authorized by law. On application to the Legislature, a law was passed augmenting the capital to 80,000 dollars, with which the late improvements have been effected. The daily consumption of water now, is computed at about 200,000 gallons, leaving a surplus of one half the supply for the future increase of consumption, and an abundant provision in every part of the town for extinguishing fires. With these heavy expenditures, the Company now calculate on having secured a permanency of supply for many years to come, perhaps for some centuries. The works are all constructed in the best manner, with a commendable liberality of expense.

Having carefully observed the progress of this undertaking throughout, and the ingenuity and great carefulness of Elisha Putnam, the Superintendent, in conducting every part, we have great pleasure in thus noticing his merits, while we make them known to others who may have an interest in deriving a benefit from his skill and experience. It may probably be a fair calculation to suppose that from 25,000 to 30,000 dollars might have been saved, from the expense of this undertaking, had the capital all been properly applied in the first instance, and with the advantages of the knowledge and experience at present possessed by the Company.

The following scale of prices, showing the rates at which the water is sold to families, manufactories, &c. may be useful to our Readers, as affording comparative data of expense, interesting to the inhabitants of other towns.

Albany, October, 1815. EDITOR.

RATES FOR THE USE OF THE WATER.

1st Class Dwelling Houses—Every 3 story double House,		$ 16 pr. ann.
2d do. do.	Every 3 story House, with three windows in front on the lower floor, or two front rooms with an L,	14
3d do. do.	Every 3 story single House and 2 story double House,	12
4th do. do.	Every 2 story House with two front rooms and an L,	10
5th do. do.	Every 2 story single House (of 2 rooms on first floor) of brick, or fronted with brick,	8
6th do. do.	Every other dwelling House of whatever description,	6
Every additional family in any House, to pay		3
If more than one additional family in any house, each such additional family to pay		2
Every Store, or Store House, not otherwise rated,		6

Rates for the use of Water in Erecting Buildings.		Every Grocery Store in a House occupied by a family taking the Water,	4
1st and 2d Classes,	$ 25	Every Distillery,	100
3d, do.	20	Every Tannery,	70
4th, do.	15	Every Morocco Factory,	50
5th and 6th do.	10	1st Class of Breweries,	60
Every Store or Store House, of 3 stories or more,	15	2d. do. do.	45
Every Store or Store House, of 2 stories,	10	3d. do. do.	30
In addition to the foregoing Rates on Houses,		Every Dyer,	15
1st Class Taverns, to pay	$ 10	Every Leather Dresser,	20
2d, do.	8	Every Printing-Office,	15
3d, do.	6	Every Bakery,	6
Every Boarding House, from 6 to	2	Every Blacksmith,	6
		Every Hatter,	12
		Every Stone Cutter,	12

FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

Albany, October 26th, 1815.

MR. EDITOR—By inserting the following Question in your interesting and justly admired Miscellany, you will, I have no doubt, afford some amusement to the sons and friends of Science throughout the state.

Respectfully, J. B.

QUESTION.

Required the number of miles that an observer should be elevated in the zenith, at the southeast corner of the Capitol, at Albany, in order to see the Sun's upper limb three hours before he shall have made his appearance in the horizon of the place of observation?

Required, also, a mathematical demonstration, independent of parallax and refraction?

Letter from Dr. Fothergill, to a gentleman in Massachusetts.

Dated, London, 10 Mo. 20, 1780.

RESPECTED FRIEND,

THE difficulty of conveying a letter safely, has been the principal cause of my silence, and not a disregard either to the writer, or the obliging and informing letters, which at three different times I have received from him. I have endeavored faithfully to make use of the very sensible hints they contained, as far as they lay in my power, for the good of both countries; but in vain. Neither advice, information, nor experience make any impression. The cause of this infatuation was not a common one, and its effects may turn to our humiliation and amendment, when providence may see meet to turn our hearts to wisdom. It will not, I think, be long in our power to molest you. It is not only France and Spain that are in alliance with you, but most of the states of Europe; they wish to share your commerce; and, at the same time, they wish to humble the pride of this country, whose insolence and haughtiness has created us many, many enemies.

I sometimes flatter myself that there may be at the bottom of this confederacy, a plan highly useful and advantageous to humanity, and yet when I reflect how far short of perfect civilization the foremost powers of Europe are, I almost despair of it. Their union in one point, may produce union in another; and if the powers of Europe and America could form a College of Justice, to which the sovereigns should appeal in all cases, and be bound to obey, what an honour to christianity, and what a saving of blood and treasure! The temple of Janus might then probably be shut; and may it be shut for ever!

I have perused your frame of government with satisfaction. It approaches nearer perfection than any I believe yet in being; and may those who framed it be blessed, and their posterity for ever happy!

The general ignorance that prevails here, of your abilities, intentions, and resources, is inconceivable. I often tell a story that my late deceased friend, Dr. Russell, used to relate. He was one morning at the bashaw's divan, at Aleppo, when a countryman brought an antelope, which he said he had just catched, as a present; the bashaw enquired if it were male or female: he stooped down to ask one of the officers, which he would have it to be? Resolved to say what was pleasing, though the falsehood might have been detected in a moment. Just so are our superiors too often treated. People tell them what they wish to hear, and thus become the worst of enemies to both sides. And after such kinds of falsehoods have been successfully practised for a time, and at length have been found like the "baseless fabric of a vision," all confidence in any set of men is given up. The passions then take the lead—the effects have been, are, and ever will be felt, beyond what it was possible for the authors of these calamities ever to comprehend.

I have endeavored, as far as it was in my power, to give the best information I could, to those within my reach, but it was talking to the winds: experience itself will not convince them. But it will not be long that we shall do what we please; we must submit to laws given us by others. But I trust it will be for our good; it will make many think. We are as dissipated, as full of schemes for promoting diversions, as regardless of every thing serious as if we were in high prosperity. War drains off multitudes, manufacturers especially; those who are left, have consequently more chance of employment; they are content with their lot, and think every thing goes on as well as usual; so a general deception prevails from the highest to the lowest; and to doubt of your subjugation, is heresy with many.

I most seriously wish that the calamities which have befallen you, or may yet be permitted to befal you, may have the proper effect of humbling your minds, and preserving you greatly dependent on that invisible arm which has delivered those who honestly trust in it, in all ages. Little did I expect to see the present disunion, rather disjunction; but so it has been wisely permitted to happen. We were growing too great, powerful, proud and

wicked; the sources are gradually diminishing, and we are kindly compelled by force, to be less abandoned than we wished to be.

Our new parliament will meet ere long, and follow the steps exactly of the preceding. The minority in general, are far from being better men, in the true sense of the word, in my opinion, than their opponents. No two are agreed exactly in the same opinion; and I am afraid there are few amongst them, who would speak theirs, even in light matters, to another, were it to save a state from ruin. I give up all hopes of recovery by any human means. We deserve chastisement, and must feel it. The affair of Charleston has changed our tone a little, and we trust to the like good fortune at last. You are supine, negligent, and incautious; most of your losses have originated from this quarter, and nothing will teach you circumspection. The moment you lose sight of immediate destruction, you are asleep.

I wish you could banish oaths entirely. They are an indignity to truth. The dissenters objected to swearing as well as we. Allowing our affirmation is a favor, we own. But, why should it not be extended to all? Let us increase the consequence and dignity of simple truth. Guard yourselves from impositions, as much as you can; but let it not be at the expense of the sacred name. I wish, likewise, we could all become so far christians as to forbear fighting. It is the remains of Gothic savageness, unsubdued by the spirit of the gospel. It knows nothing of the immortal soul, or its state in futurity; it is merely the beast that fights, not the man. But the world is not yet ripe for such doctrines. A socratic teacher amongst us, arguing on this subject, asks, if it would not be better for mankind in general, if there were no wars? Yes, certainly. We are assured that such a time is to come, and whether is it more probable that this disposition shall become general at once, or begin amongst a few, spread further by degrees, and at length become universal? Ought not those few, then, who think in their consciences that to them war is unlawful, to abstain from fighting? most certainly. This we think a good foundation for us to stand upon, without condemning others who are not to be persuaded. Have as much tenderness to such a people as you can. They are the best friends of humanity.

There is nothing tends so much to keep alive the spirit of war, as our education. We take part in all the spirit of heroism displayed with so much elegance by the Greek and Roman historians, till the spirit of christianity, meek, humble, patient, forgiving, is obliterated from our minds. A woeful exchange for a system replete with good will to all men! I am not censuring others, I am pleading for ourselves, and most fervently wish the day may be fast advancing, when wars will be no more. I am the brother of all mankind. I know I am writing to a gentleman who has charity enough to enter fully into my sentiments, and to wish there was not a classic extant, capable of producing, cherishing, or confirming such sentiments.

I am obliged to write in haste, though the length of this may afford suspicion that my time is not always employed to the best purposes. But as I have conceived a very favorable opinion of my very sensible correspondent, I could wish to give him every proof of it in my power.

With fervent wishes for universal peace, the happiness of America, and of every individual in it, that endeavors to promote its real interest, piety and virtue, I am to all such a very cordial friend.

J. FOTHERGILL.

JUDGE FLETCHER'S ADDRESS TO THE GRAND JURY OF WEXFORD, IRELAND.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

Gentlemen, I will tell you what those absentees ought particularly to do —they ought to promote the establishment of houses of refuge, houses of industry, school-houses, and set the example upon their own estates, of building decent cottages, so that the Irish peasantry may have, at least, the comforts of an "English sow;" for an English farmer would refuse to eat

the flesh of a hog, so lodged and fed as an Irish peasant is. Are the farms of an English landholder out of lease, or his cottages in a state of dilapidation? he rebuilds every one of them for his tenants, or he covenants to supply them with materials for the purpose. But how are matters conducted in this country? Why, if there is a house likely to fall into ruins, upon an expiring lease, the new rack-rent-tenant must rebuild it himself: and can you wonder if your plantations are visited for the purpose, or if your young trees are turned into plough-handles, or roofs for their cabins? They are more than Egyptian task masters, who call for bricks without furnishing a supply of straw!

I do not propose that you should expect any immediate amendment or public benefit from the plans suggested for the education of the poor. It is in vain to flatter yourselves that you can improve their minds if you neglect their bodies. Where have you ever heard of a people desirous of education, who had not clothes to cover them, or bread to eat? I have never known that any people, under such circumstances, had any appetite for moral instruction.

Gentlemen, I had an opportunity of urging some of these topics upon the attention of a distinguished personage—I mean Lord Redesdale, who filled the high office of Lord Chancellor here some years ago. He was pleased to require my opinion of the state of the country; I averred, that I thought it was as tranquil as ever it had been; but I did ask his permission to suggest certain measures, which, in my opinion, would go very far towards allaying the discontents of the people. One of those measures was a reform of the magistracy in Ireland—another was a commutation of tythes, if it could be satisfactorily effected—a third was, the suppression of the home consumption of whiskey, and the substitution of a wholesome malt liquor in its stead. I requested his Lordship to recollect, that Hogarth's print of "Gin-alley," is an unerring witness to testify what the English people would now be, if they had nothing but a pernicious spiritous liquor to drink. His Lordship was pleased to lend a courteous attention to these opinions—and I do believe, that his own natural judgment and good inclination would have prompted him to measures beneficial to Ireland and honourable to his fame.

Gentlemen, this subject brings me to a consideration of the magistracy of the country. Of these I must say, that some are over zealous—others too supine: distracted into parties, they are too often governed by their private passions, to the disgrace of public justice, and the frequent disturbance of the country.

Here let me solicit your particular attention to some of the grievous mischiefs, flowing from the misconduct of certain magistrates. One is occasioned by an excessive eagerness to crowd the gaols with prisoners, and to swell the calendars with crimes. Hence the amazing disproportion between the number of the committals and of the convictions, between accusation and evidence, between hasty suspicion and actual guilt. Committals have been too frequently made out (in other counties) upon light and trivial grounds, without reflecting upon the evil consequences of wresting a peasant (probably innocent) from the bosom of his family—immuring him for weeks or months in a noisome gaol, amongst vicious companions. He is afterwards acquitted or not persecuted; and returns a lost man, in health and morals, to his ruined and beggared family. This is a hideous, but common picture.

There are parts of Ireland, where, from the absence of the gentlemen of the county, a race of magistrates has sprung up, who ought never to have borne the King's commission. The vast powers entrusted to those officers call for an upright, zealous and conscientious discharge of their duty.

Gentlemen, as to tythes, they are generally complained of as a great grievance. Far be it from me to say, that tythes are not due to the clergy. By the law of the land, they have as good a title to their tythes as any of you have to your estates; and, I am convinced, that the clergyman does not, in any instance, exact what he is strictly entitled to. But this mode

of assessment has been much complained of; and it is particularly felt in this country, because the Catholic receives no spiritual comfort from his Protestant rector; he knows him only through the tythe proctor, and he has, moreover, his own pastor to pay. This is the reason why he thinks it a grievance; and I must admit, that although the clergyman does not receive all that he is entitled to, and although it may not be a grievance in another country, yet the tythe system is a painful system for Ireland.

Gentlemen, you have in your power another remedy for public commotions; I allude to the assessment of the presentment money upon your country. It seems that the sum of 9000l. is now demanded to be levied; whether this sum is, or is not, an exorbitant one, for this county, I know not. It is a tax, of which you will impose the greater part, or, perhaps, the whole, upon your county—and it falls wholly upon the occupying tenants or farmers; pray keep this circumstance constantly in your minds—the benefit of this tax is your own. By its operation, you have your farms well divided and improved—good roads made round your estates—useful bridges and walls erected; indeed, I have known counties which have been parcelled out to undertakers by baronies, and where no man could get a job without the consent of the baronial undertaker—they met and commuted—and it was thus agreed—"I give you your job here, and you give me my job there." I may be asked, why do I mention these things? The grand jury know them very well—but then they ought to be concealed. Miserable infatuated nation! These things are not concealed; there is not a grand jury job in the country which is not known and commented upon by the peasantry. Every mischief, and every enormity I have this day stated, is as thoroughly well known to the peasantry as to the gentry throughout Ireland. The affected apprehension of exciting and exasperating them, by a reprobation of those enormities, is puerile and contemptible. It cannot do mischief—it cannot add to the poignancy of their feelings—it may allay or sooth them—already those exactions are the subject of discussion, and of minute scrutiny, in every cabin; what are the consequences? Dreadful heart-burnings and deep murmurs. The visit of the constable who collects the cess, is a day of general mourning, and distress, and tribulation. I spoke freely of these things to the grand jury of the county of Tipperary;—what was the beneficial result? The foreman (Mr. Bagwell) came forward soon afterwards from the grand jury-room, and stated publicly in court, that, in consequence of my charge, he and his fellow-jurors had thrown out applications for presentments to the amount of 9000l. These may be presumed to be jobs, under pretence of building walls and bridges, filling hollows, lowering hills, &c. Here, indeed, was some good done by this sudden impulse of œconomy—here were the fruits of a free and candid exhortation before the public eye.

Perhaps the commission of the peace, in every county in the kingdom should be examined. During a long war, in seasons of popular commotion, under chief governors (all acting, unquestionably, with good intentions, but upon various principles and different views,) it is not improbable, that many men have crept into the commission, who, however useful they might occasionally have been, ought not to remain. The needy adventurer—the hunter for preferment—the intemperate zealot—the trader in false loyalty—the jobbers of absentees—if any of these various descriptions of individuals are now to be found, their names should be expunged from the commission. Some clergymen there may have been, who, in a period of distraction, perusing the Old Testament with more attention than the New, and admiring the glories of Joshua (the son of Nun,) fancied they perceived in the Catholics the Canaanites of old; and, at the head of militia and armed yeomanry, wished to conquer from them the promised globe. Such men, I hope, are not now to be found in that most respectable order; and if they are, I need scarcely add, they should no longer remain in the commission.

Gentlemen, I must farther admonish you, if you are interested with any of the Orange or Green associations in this county, to discharge them—discharge all the processions and commemorations connected with them;

and you will promote the peace and concord of the country; but suffering them to prevail, how can justice be administered?—"I am a loyal man," says a witness—that is, "Gentlemen of the petty jury, believe me, let me swear what I will."—When he swears he is a loyal man, he means, "Gentlemen of the jury, forget your oaths, and acquit the orangeman."

Gentlemen, I have had a long professional experience of the state of this country, travelling two circuits every year; and I have spoken the result of my professional observations and judicial knowledge—perhaps the sincerity with which I have put forward these observations may excite some displeasure—But I hope they may do some good, and I am pretty indifferent whether they are found disagreeable or not. Living a great part of my life in the hurry of professional pursuits, I have employed the moments of my leisure in literary retirement. Attached to no party, I have never mixed with the zealots of either—I have been assailed and calumniated by both. Such is the lot of the man, endeavouring to do his duty with firmness and sincerity.

A Solemn Review of the Custom of War; showing that War is the effect of popular delusion, and proposing a remedy.

"A glorious success, quietly obtained, is more profitable than the dangers of a battle; for we ought to esteem those who do what is agreeable to temperance and prudence, no less glorious than those who have gained great reputation by their actions in war." *Vespasian.*

(Continued from page 157.)

SECTION II.

"Shall the sword devour forever?"

That it is possible to produce such a state of society, as to exclude national wars, may appear probable from the following facts.

1. It is impossible for the rulers of any one nation to do much in carrying on a war with another, without the aid of subjects, or the common people.

2. A war between two nations is generally produced by the influence of a small number of ambitious and unprincipled individuals; while the greater part of the nation has no hand in the business until war is proclaimed.

3. A vast majority of every civilized nation, have an aversion to war; such an aversion that it requires much effort and management, to work up their passions so far, that they are willing personally to engage in such hazardous and bloody conflicts. The more any people are civilized and Christianized, the greater is their aversion to war; and the more powerful exertions are necessary to excite what is called the *war spirit*. Were it not for the influence of a few ambitious or revengeful men, an offensive war could not be undertaken with any prospect of success, except when the mass of the people are either uncivilized or slaves. If then, as great exertions should be made to excite a just abhorrence of war, as have often been made to excite a war spirit, we may be very certain that rulers would find little encouragement to engage in any war which is not strictly defensive. And as soon as offensive wars shall cease, defensive wars will of course be unknown.

4. It is an affront to common sense, to pretend that military officers and soldiers have no right to inquire whether a war be just or unjust; and that all they have to do is to obey the orders of government. Such a doctrine is fit only to be taught to slaves without souls. If a man is called to fight, he should be faithfully informed and fully satisfied, that he is not to act the part of a murderer, that the blood of men may not be required at his hands. Every soldier ought to be impressed with the idea, that offensive war is murderous, and that no government on earth has any right to compel him to shed blood in a wanton and aggressive war. Yet in the present state of general delusion, the soldiers and most of the citizens are treated as having no more right to judge of the justice or the injustice of a war, than the horses employed in military service. On one side a war is certainly unjust and murderous. Yet on both sides it is considered as the duty of soldiers to submit to the orders of government, and fight, whether it be murder, or

not murder! With the same propriety it might be considered as the duty of a citizen to obey an order of government for murdering an individual of his own nation.

5. National wars often originate from such petty offences, as would not justify the taking of a single life, and from false principles of honour, which every Christian should abhor. What can be more perfect delusion, than to suppose the *honour* of a nation requires a declaration of war, for such offences as would not justify one individual in taking the life of another? Or what can be more absurd than to suppose the honour of a nation requires going to war, while there is not even the prospect of advantage? Is such petulance, as would disgrace a common citizen, or such a revengeful spirit, as would disgrace a savage, becoming the dignity of a national government, or the ruler of a Christian people?

To sacrifice human beings to false notions of national honour, or to the ambition or avarice of rulers, is no better than to offer them to Moloch, or any other heathen deity. As soon as the eyes of people can be opened to see that war is the effect of delusion, it will then become as unpopular as any other heathenish mode of offering human sacrifices.

It is enough to fill the mind of any reflecting man with horror, to think of the millions of his fellow men, who have been sacrificed to the ambition, the avarice, the petulance, or the profligacy of ungodly rulers. How shocking the thought, of armies meeting under the influence of enmity, artificially excited, to plunge their bayonets into the breasts of each other; and thus to offer human sacrifices by thousands, to some idolized phantom of ambitious or revengeful men! In every war that has taken place, the soldiers, on one side or the other, have been either the slaves or the dupes of deluded or unprincipled rulers. The soldiers on each side often meet without ever having experienced the least injury from each other; with no enmity but what has been artificially excited, and without having the least ground to be offended with each other, any more than they had in a time of perfect peace. Yet those who never had any provocation from one another, nor any hand in proclaiming the war, are by art inspired with enmity, and made to thirst for each other's blood, and to perish by each other's hands. A more barbarous mode of offering human sacrifices was never practised by the most savage nations; nor one, it is believed, more abhorrent in the eyes of Heaven.

Public wars and private duels seem to be practised on similar principles. Gentlemen may fight and kill for petty offences; but if common people do the same, they are hanged as murderers. Gentlemen of the sword cannot wait the slow operation of law, for the redress of supposed wrongs, but must show themselves men of spirit, that is, ready to kill for an offensive word. What is deemed honourable virtue in them, is shameful vice in other people. That benevolent, forbearing spirit, which is the glory of good people, is thought beneath the dignity of a gentleman of honour! First to give a challenge, and thus notify a man of a wish to kill him, is supposed to exclude the sin of murder. So in regard to war makers, that magnanimity and forbearance, which would adorn the character of a private christian, is despised by the ambitious ruler in relation to himself. And that petulance, rashness, and disregard to the lives of others, which would render a private citizen the object of just and general abhorrence, are regarded by many, as honourable traits in the character of one who is exalted to rule over men. If in the exercise of this haughty, unfeeling and vindictive temper he declares war, this declaration, he fancies, will secure him from the guilt of murder. Thus thousands after thousands are sacrificed on the altar of his ungodly ambition; and every means which ingenuity can invent, is employed to delude the unfortunate victims, and make them believe, that with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

There is, however, one circumstance usually attending public wars, which renders them more detestable than private duels. The duelist usually has the generosity to do his own fighting; but war makers usually have the

meanness to avoid the dangers which they create, and to call on other people to fight their battles.

Duelling is indeed a horrible custom; but war is as much more horrible, as it is more desolating and ruinous. As to the principles on which war is practised, it has no advantage of dueling. It is in fact *national dueling*, attended generally with this dishonourable circumstance, that those who give and accept the challenge, call together a multitude of seconds, and then have not the magnanimity, first to risk their own lives, but they involve their seconds in a bloody contest, while they themselves stand remote from danger, as spectators, or at most as directors of the awful combat. Or perhaps more commonly, after issuing their bloody mandate, they indulge in pleasure, regardless of the suffering of others. So "the king and Haman sat down to drink; but the city Shushan was perplexed."

(To be continued.)

From the European Magazine.

CLAUDINE.

A Swiss Tale. From the French of M. De Florian.

Happening in the month of July 1788 to be at Ferney, which ever since the death of Voltaire has resembled one of those deserted castles which were formerly inhabited by Genii, I resolved to pay a visit to the famous Glaciers of Savoy. A friend, an inhabitant of Geneva, had the goodness to accompany me. It is not my intention to describe our journey: in order to suit the present taste, it would be necessary that I should adopt that style, exalted, sublime, unintelligible to the profane, which a sentimental traveller, after he has advanced two leagues on his journey, cannot possibly do without: I must speak of nothing but my feelings, my susceptibilities, and my extatic sensations; but I must confess that those phrases, although now so common, still sound strange to my ears. I have seen *Mont Blanc*, the *frozen sea*, and *the source of the Averon*. I long contemplated in silence those dreadful rocks covered with hoar frost; those points of ice which pierce the clouds; that large river, which is called *a sea*, arrested in the midst of its course, whose solid billows appear as if still in agitation; that immense vault formed by the accumulated snows of so many ages, from whence there issues a foaming torrent, forcing in its course huge blocks of ice over the rocky precipices. The whole scene impressed on my mind a mingled sensation of terror and melancholy: methought I beheld the horrid scene of nature without a sun, abandoned to the fury of the God of Tempests. Whilst contemplating these pleasing horrors, I gave thanks to the Eternal Creator of all things for having rendered them so uncommon; and I longed for the moment of my departure, that I might return to the valley, the beautiful valley of Maglan.* There did I expect to console my saddened eyes, in travelling slowly through a beautiful country; in contemplating on the banks of the Arva those rich carpets of verdure, those tranquil woods, those enamelled meadows, those cottages, those scattered houses, in which my imagination pictured an old man surrounded by his family, a mother suckling her child, or two young lovers returning from the altar. Such are the views most agreeable to my eyes: these are the scenes which affect my heart—which give rise to pleasing recollections, and to agreeable desires.

Oh my good friend Gesner, you thought, indeed, as I do; you who, born in the most varied, picturesque country in the world, the best calculated to furnish you with description infinitely varied, you never, like so many others, abused the art of description, nor ever thought that a landscape, however brilliant its colours, could do without figures. You sang the shady woods, the verdant fields, the limpid streams; but shepherds and rural swains were never wanting to inculcate lessons of love, of piety, or of beneficence. Rea-

* *A charming valley on the banks of the Arva, which is passed on the road to Chamouny.*

ding you, the pleased eye runs over the landscape you have described; and the mind, still more delighted, is ameliorated by useful precepts, and enjoys a delicious calm.

Such were the ideas that employed my mind while descending from Montanverd, on my return from the frozen sea. After two hours of a painful journey, I arrived at the fountain where I had rested in the morning. There I again wished to repose myself; for though I am no admirer of torrents, I am very fond of fountains; besides, I was extremely fatigued. I entreated my brave and honest guide, Francis Paccard, to sit down by me, and we began an interesting conversation concerning the manners, the character, and the mode of living, of the inhabitants of Chamouny. I was pleased with the good Paccard's account of those simple manners about which it is so pleasing to converse were it only to regret them, when a beautiful girl came and offered me a basket of cherries. I took them and paid her for them. As soon as she was gone, Paccard said to me, laughing, "About ten years ago, in the very spot where we now are, it cost one of our young peasants very dear for coming to offer a basket of fruit to a traveller." I begged of Paccard to relate the story. "It is somewhat long," said he; "I have learned the most minute circumstances of it from the Curate of Salenches, who himself bore a considerable part in it." I pressed Paccard to relate to me what he had heard from the Curate of Salenches; and being both seated on the ground, leaning our backs against two ash-trees, and eating our cherries, Paccard thus began his tale:

"You must know, Sir, that our valley of Chamouny, ten years ago, was not so celebrated as it is now-a-days. Travellers did not then come to give us their gold for the sake of looking at frozen snow and picking up our pebbles. We were poor, ignorant of evil, and our wives and daughters, employed in the cares of the family, were still more ignorant than ourselves. I mention this that you may have some charity for the fault of Claudine. The poor child was so simple that it was an easy matter to deceive her.

"Claudine was the daughter of Old Simon, a labourer at Prieure.* This Simon, whom I knew well, for he has only been dead two years, was the Syndic of our parish. All the country respected him for his probity; but his character was naturally severe; he pardoned nothing to himself, and very little to others: he was equally esteemed and feared. If any of our neighbors had quarrelled with his wife, or drank a glass too much on a holiday, he would not have dared to speak to Simon the whole week. When he passed, even the children stopped their noise; they took off their hats, and never returned to their amusements till M. Simon was at a distance.

"Simon had remained a widower since the death of Madelene his wife, who had left him two daughters. Nanette, the eldest, was well enough; but Claudine, the youngest, was an angel of beauty.—Her handsome round countenance—her black eyes full of animation—her thick eye-brows—her little mouth, the very picture of that cherry—her appearance of innocence and gaiety made all the young men of our village her admirers; and when on a Sunday she joined the dance, with a vest of blue cloth closely fitted to her fine shape, her straw hat ornamented with ribbons, and her little cap, which could hardly contain her beautiful hair, it was who should have the honour to dance with Claudine?

"Claudine was only fourteen; her sister Nanette was nineteen, and commonly remained at home to look after the affairs of the family. Claudine, as being the youngest, took care of the flock which grazed on Montanverd. She carried with her her dinner and her distaff, and passed the day in singing, in spinning, or chatting with the other shepherdesses. In the evening she came home to Simon, who read some portion of the Bible to his daughters, gave them his blessing, and then all the family went to bed.

* *The principal village of the valley of Chamouny.*

(To be continued.)

GINSENG.

The following observations on this interesting plant, so precious in the eyes of the Chinese, that they give us pounds of their Tea, for an ounce of the dried root of it, are taken from Michaux's Travels in America, quoted before in this Magazine, p. 168. It is a great pity that our Government has not devised a means of fostering the trade in this root, or that the cupidity and ignorance of certain traders should have forfeited its character, and nearly lost a very valuable branch of trade, if not a source of wealth. The care of it, is still worthy of the attention of the National Legislature. Ginseng still grows in abundance on the declivities, and in the narrow alluvial vales of our mountains, from one end of the United States to the other. If the plants were duly protected by legal restraints, and the roots only collected during proper seasons, and well manufactured, the price of the article may be yet restored to its former value. Whoever may have the profits of the direct trade with China, whether our own or the British merchants, they will still find Ginseng, if well manufactured, more desirable than Spanish dollars, of which it is very evident we have no longer any to spare.

EDITOR.

Although the ginseng is not a plant peculiar to Kentucky, it is still very numerous there. This induces me to speak of it here. The ginseng is found in America from Lower Canada as far as the state of Georgia, which comprises an extent of more than fifteen hundred miles. It grows chiefly in the mountainous regions of the Alleghanies, and is by far more abundant as the chain of these mountains incline south west. It is also found in the environs of New-York and Philadelphia, as well as in that part of the northern states situated between the mountains and the sea. It grows upon the declivity of the hills, in the cool and shady places, where the soil is richest. A man cannot pull up above eight or nine pounds of fresh roots per day. These roots are always less than an inch diameter, even after fifteen years' growth, if by any means we can judge of it with certitude by the number of impressions that are to be seen round the upper part of the neck of the root, produced by the stalks that succeed each other annually. The shape of these roots is generally elliptical; and whenever it is biforked, which is very rare, one of the divisions is always thicker and longer than the other. The seeds of the ginseng are of a brilliant red, and fastened to each other. Each foot seldom yields more than two or three. They are very similar in shape and size to the wild honey suckle. When they are disencumbered of the substance that envelopes them they are flat and semicircular. Their taste is more spicy, and not so bitter as the root. A month or two after they are gathered they grow oily; and it is probable that to the rancidity which in course of time the seed attains, we must attribute the difficulty there is in rearing them when they are kept too long. They are full ripe from the 15th of September to the 1st of October. I gathered about half an ounce of them, which was a great deal, considering the difficulty there is in procuring them.

It was a French missionary who first discovered the ginseng in Canada. When it was verified that this plant was the same as that which grows in Tartary, the root of which has such valuable qualities in the eyes of the Chinese, it became an article of trade with China. For some time after its discovery the root was sold for its weight in gold; but this lucrative trade was but of short duration. The ginseng exported from America was so badly prepared, that it fell very low in price, and the trade almost entirely ceased. However for some time past it has been rather better. Though the Americans have been so long deprived of this beneficial trade, it can only be attributed to the want of precaution that they used either in the gathering or preparation of the ginseng. In Chinese Tartary this gathering belongs exclusively to the emperor; it is done only by his orders, and they proceed in it with the greatest care. It commences in autumn, and continues all the winter, the epoch when the root has acquired its full degree of maturity and perfection; and by the means of a very simple process they render it almost transparent.

In the United States, on the contrary, they begin gathering of ginseng

in the spring, and at the decline of autumn. Its root, then soft and watery, wrinkles in drying, terminates in being extremely hard, and loses thus a third of its bulk, and nearly half its weight. These causes have contributed in lowering of its value. It is only gathered in America by the inhabitants whose usual occupations afford them leisure, and by the sportsmen, who with their carabine, provide themselves for this purpose, with a bag and a pickaxe. The merchants in the interior of the country purchase dried ginseng at the rate of ten pence per pound, and sell it again from eighteen pence to two shillings, at the sea-ports. I have never heard particularly what quantity of it was exported annually to China, but I think it must exceed twenty-five or thirty thousand pounds weight. Within these four or five years this trade has been very brisk. Several persons begin even to employ the means made use of by the Chinese to make the root transparent. This process, long since described in several works, is still a secret which is sold for four hundred dollars in Kentucky. The ginseng thus prepared is purchased at six or seven dollars per pound by the merchants at Philadelphia, and is, they say, sold again at Canton for fifty or a hundred, according to the quality of the roots. Again, the profits must be very considerable, since there are people who export it themselves from Kentucky to China.

Henry Wm. Vander Kleft, of High Holborn, England, has obtained a Patent, for a Walking-Stick, containing a Pistol, Powder, Ball, and Screw-Telescope; Pen, Ink, Paper, Pencil, Knife, and Drawing Utensils.—Aug. 17th, 1813.

The staff is about the usual length of a common walking-cane, and is made of brass, and may be covered or veneered with prepared whalebone, leather, or any other substance, and the shape is round, and rather conical, tapering from the head to the point. It is divided into nine parts, principally tubes, (exclusive of the cap, or head, and the top, or lid of the inkstand,) which are all screwed together, except that part containing the pistol, which is fastened by means of two spring catches fixed opposite to each other. The first, or uppermost part, is an inkstand, with a metal lid screwed thereon, and a small hole in the centre of such lid for a pen to pass through, and a metal knob, or button, to screw into the hole, as a stopper, when the stand is not in use. The cap, or head of the staff, screws on the inkstand, and may be made of silver, or any other metal. The second part serves for the handle of the pistol, which is made of iron, and fixed in the lower end thereof; the barrel being about five inches in length and about half an inch in diameter; the trigger shuts in underneath the barrel, and is projected by the act of cocking the pistol; and the pistol is kept at half-cock, as well as the pan fastened down when not in use by a small bolt, affixed to the upper side of the barrel, the removal of which disengages the pan, enables the pistol to be brought to the full-cock, and discharged. In the upper end of the second part is placed a piece of wood, with three small holes, to receive a pen-knife, pen, and black-lead pencil, and the wood is covered with a brass, or silver plate with correspondent holes. The distance of the plate, from the opening, is about an inch; and on each side of the second part, near the middle, are fixed two small silver loops, through which pass a leather strap and tassel, to put round the wrist of the person carrying the staff. The third is a hollow tube, or case, for the reception of the pistol, with a narrower circular space at the bottom, to fit the muzzle, and keep it steady in the case; and immediately underneath which space is a distended worm-spring, made of steel, with a small circular brass plate, upon which the muzzle of the pistol rests, or presses; the use of which spring is to throw off the pistol-case; and the lower part of the staff, from the pistol, immediately on pressing the spring catches. The fourth part is about eight inches in length, and forms a telescope, with two, or more brass sliding tubes. The fifth part of the staff is a hollow tube, or case, for carrying writing or drawing paper; in the sixth part is a hollow case, or tube, for carrying a piece of Indian ink, and several hair pencils. The seventh part contains a turn-

screw, for taking off the forepart of the pistol-barrel, when it is to be loaded, or cleaned. The eighth part is a small case for containing gunpowder; and the ninth part is a case containing the pistol balls. The eighth and ninth parts are made of brass, and form together the ferrule of the staff.

DEPRECIATION OF MONEY.

The following is given as a statement of the depreciation of money during the last century:—In 1700, 8s. 5½d.; 1710, 8s. 9½d.; 1720, 9s. 1½d.; 1730, 9s. 8d.; 1740, 10s. 2½d.; 1750, 11s. 2d.; 1760, 12s. 2d.; 1770, 13s. 7½d.; 1780, 15s. 2½d.; 1790, 17s. 1d.; 1800, 1*l.*—were equal to 1*l.* sterling.

Eu. Magazine, 1815.

Extracts from Tom Brown's new Maxims of Conversation, 1723.

A common slanderer only wants opportunity, to be a cut-throat.

Selfish, never speaks well of any one, and never dines at home. 'Twas justly said of him, that he never opened his mouth but at another man's expense.

The *Ephesian* matron, of famous memory, was an angel to some of our modern wives; she had the manners to wait till her husband was cold before she disposed of herself. Ours enter into new articles before the old bond is cancelled. Dear Betty, says a butcher in Smithfield, a little before he died, I am not a man for this world, therefore I would advise you to marry our man Jack; 'tis a clever, well-built, strong fellow, and our business, you know, requires such an one.—Well, husband, answered she, and so it does; but if that's all, don't trouble yourself, *John* and I have agreed that matter already.

'Tis a sign of the last necessity in an author when he is forced to steal from himself: 'tis worse than robbing the Spittal.

Plays and romances sell as well as books of devotion, but with this difference, more people read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter than read them.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

European Magazine.

EXPEDIENCY OF RAISING APPLE-TREES FROM KERNELS WITHOUT GRAFTING.

A remarkable fine apple-tree, of the nonpareil kind, grown from the kernel, without grafting, in Shropshire, has produced an extraordinary crop of fruit, as appears by the following particulars:—This tree was in full leaf on the 10th of November, 1814, when the last portion of the fruit, above four-fifths of the whole, was gathered. It was transplanted at one year old, and the experiment was not tried on any other kernel plant. The age of the tree was probably seven, but not more than eight years' growth from the kernel. The dimensions were 10 feet high, including the shoots of the last season; principal stem 2 feet high, 14½ inches circumference, at 1 foot from the ground. Of the fruit, some of the largest apples measured 10 inches in circumference, and one weighed more than three ounces: twenty-five of the best, gathered 10th November, weighed 10 pounds, although a few specimens of the fruit had been previously gathered. Total number of apples, 435; total weight, 41 pounds 13 ounces; average very nearly 5 ounces for each apple. The quality of the fruit was in every respect like a fine nonpareil, and the wood and the leaves of this tree exactly corresponded with the wood and leaves of that species of apple.

ENG. MAG.

TO CIDER MAKERS.

Joseph Cooper's Receipt for converting Cider into Wine.

Add to a barrel of cider immediately from the press, honey sufficient to make it bear an egg—Work all the filth out of the bung-hole, by keeping

the barrel continually full. In about five weeks draw off the pure liquor into a tub, and put the whites of eight eggs, well beaten up, with a pint of clean sand, into the tub.—Then add a gallon of cider-spirit, and mix the whole well together. And having cleansed the barrel, return the liquor into it, bung it tight, and when fine rack it off into kegs for use. In the opinion of many, the wine is superior to almost any foreign wine; and does not cost 25 cents per gallon, were all the materials procured at the market price.

To the editor of the European Magazine.

SIR—You may probably not deem the following account of an improvement in the *management of Bees*, which is strongly recommended by those who have practised it, unworthy of a place in your Magazine. The improvement is that of having *double sceps*, the one on the top of the other. When the lower scep is filled with honey it is to be removed, after the bees are admitted (through a passage which is made to be opened for the purpose) into the upper scep; in this upper scep food must be put, and the bees will remain there, and fill it with honey. When it is filled, the bees are to be admitted into the former scep again, now to be replaced, after food has been put into it, and the full scep is to be taken away. By thus alternately removing the sceps, more honey will be collected than is usually procured, and the lives of the bees may be spared.

I am, Sir, Your obedient humble servant, K. K.

P. S. It may not be improper to add, that the change of the sceps should be made about Midsummer. *July*, 1792.

Useful Recipe for destroying bed-bugs.

Dissolve half a dram of Corrosive Sublimate in a quarter of an ounce of Spirits of Salt, and mix it with one quart of Spirits of Turpentine; shake the whole well together, and wash all the places where the bugs are supposed to lodge with a brush, in the same manner that rooms are white-washed.

FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BEST CURE FOR TROUBLE.

Ben Brisk a philosopher was,
In the genuine sense of the word—
And he held that repining, whatever the cause,
Was unmanly, and weak, and absurd.

When Mat More was assaulted by trouble,
Though in morals as pure as a vestal,
He sigh'd and exclaim'd, "life's a bubble,"—
Then blew it away with a pistol!

Tom Tipple, when trouble intruded,
And his fortune and credit were sunk,
By a too common error deluded,
Drown'd trouble, and made himself drunk.

But Ben had a way of his own,
When grievances made him uneasy;
He bade the 'blue devils' begone!
Brav'd trouble, and made himself—busy!

When sorrow embitters our days,
And poisons each source of enjoyment,
The surest specific, he says,
For trouble and grief, is—employment.

BILL BUSTLE.

ASIATIC COURTSHIP.

Cresus had all the joys in life,
Except a young and beauteous wife,
Which now to gain he sought;—
A dashing equipage display'd
To lure some vain ambitious maid,
By splendor to be bought.
Then see him to the race repair
And sprightly Stella meeting there,
And sure by sad mishap—
Lolling in pride and conscious state,
He asked her how "she lik'd the *Bait*,"
"Within this gay *Wife Trap*?"
She gaz'd upon the Fop awhile
And then with arch and roguish smile
Reply'd the witty wench—
"Your equipage is grand, but say,
"Am I to understand you, pray,
"In English or in *French*?"

* Bête, F. *a beast*, a *stupid man*.

C. W.

THE RETURN.

ADDRESSED TO HON.

After a long, long week of care and pain,
To-morrow bears me to my love again!
Then shall I wond'ring view, with new delight,
All that in female form can charm the sight—
Those bright, blue eyes, and heavenly smiles that grace
My lovely Zoë's sweet, expressive face—
Then shall her voice—that voice to me so dear—
In softest accents greet my ravished ear.
Her hand I then shall press—and O! what bliss!
Steal from her blushing cheek th' endearing kiss!

EUGENIO.

ANECDOTES.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING LEMONIER, PHYSICIAN TO LOUIS XVI.

The following anecdote is but little known; we had it from one who endured the horror of witnessing many of the dreadful scenes at the commencement of the French revolution: It serves to show, that conciliating manners, united with fortitude, may penetrate the hardest hearts. There were not instances wanting during the sanguinary proceedings of the revolutionists, of some few provoking their fate by ill-timed obstinacy and *fierté*.*

Amongst the horrors which marked the 10th of August, Lemonier, the King's physician, remained in his closet, and was resolved to put on no disguise; a party of men, their arms stained with blood up to the very elbow, knocked loudly at his door; the venerable man immediately opened it:—"What art thou doing here? Thou art easy enough!"—"I am at my post."

* Fierté, F., *pride, haughtiness, arrogance*.

—"What is thy business in this castle?"—"I am physician to the King."—"And thou art not afraid?"—"Of what? I am unarmed; would you hurt any one so situated?"—"Thou art a good kind of a devil: listen:—Thou art not in safety here; if others come in, less reasonable than we are, thou mayest be confounded with the rest; I tell thee, thou art in danger. Where shall we conduct thee?"—"To the palace of Luxembourg."—"Come, then, follow us, and fear nothing."—"I have already told you I do not fear those whom I have never injured."

They made him then pass through a grove of bayonets and loaded fire-arms. "Comrades," cried they, as they led the way, "let this man pass. It is the King's physician, but he is afraid of nothing; it is a good devil." And thus the Esculapius of the court arrived safe and sound at the Faux-bourg of St. Germain.

A late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland being obliged to stop for a night at an inconsiderable inn in the county of Westmeath, sent for the landlord; who, being well informed of the local state of the country, and an intelligent person, he justly conceived could give him some useful information. My Lord was so much pleased with this man (whose name was Cuff) that, in a convivial moment, he knighted him. In the morning, however, apprized of the indiscretion, he sent for Cuff, whom he laughingly desired to think no more of the matter; but on the landlord saying "he would consent to sink the title if Lady Cuff had no objection," his Lordship exclaimed—"that the case was desperate when a woman's vanity was at issue," and hastened from the house. This copious, or at least hacknied theme, the vanity of women, the witlings of all ages have uniformly made the most of; but, to the credit of Lady Cuff be it recorded, that being, by the death of her husband, left a free agent, she has dropped a title which ought by some means to have been supported, and endeavors, by attention to her guests, to obtain a maintenance for her family.

FRENCH BEGGARS.

These are a set of beggars at Paris, who excite the public charity in an extraordinary manner; these mendicants do not offer to the eye the loathsome and repellant spectacle of people covered with rags, and displaying revolting infirmities or hideous deformities, but they appear always in clean linen, a good-looking outward garment, and with an air of gentility; while they are distinguished by the manner in which they address their supplications to the passers by. These *select beggars* generally address themselves to the ladies. Their manner, though meek and plaintive, is not mean; it is the moving accent of misfortune, and not the importunate plaint of beggary; and thanks to the perfection to which they have attained, the trade of a beggar has become a science.—One of the masters of this art, *useful*, because he feeds his master, stopped me yesterday on the boulevard Poissonier. "Sir," said he, with a plaintive voice, and downcast eyes, "I am dying with hunger." This expression admits of no refusal: I rummage my pockets, and to my great regret I find no change. "I am very sorry," said I, "I have nothing about me but a piece of gold."—"If Monsieur will give me leave," replies the beggar, without the least embarrassment, "I will change it for him." I give it him, or rather let him take it thinking he will go to the next shop, but with great *sang froid*, he takes out a neat purse, pretty well filled too, and presents three pieces of five francs, and two of forty sous, adding "Monsieur will not think if I keep twenty sous, that it is too much." He gives me my change, makes me a low bow, and leaves me motionless at my own folly and his impudence.

Another class of beggars will say, when a gentleman refuses them, saying he has nothing but gold—"Ah! Sir, when a person has gold and charity, change is easily found."

A TRAVELLER.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

RUSSIAN UKASE.

To the Custom-House of St. Petersburgh.

His excellency the minister of finance has sent to the department of foreign commerce, for its necessary fulfilment, an attested extract from the journal of the committee of ministers of the 3d July of the present year; by which it is determined, that, "In the importation of merchandize *direct* from the American States, during the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, a particular specification will be dispensed with."

The department of Foreign Commerce communicating this regulation to the Officers of the Customs, informs them, that the merchandise already arrived here the present season direct from the American States, and all such as in like manner may be imported from thence during the continuance of this year, in the Documents of which, presented at the Custom-House, a specification of the *weight*, *measure*, or *quantity* contained in each Package is not inserted, will not be subject to paying *double* duty. The original.

(Signed) OBRESCOFF, Director Senator,
(Signed) H. SKURIDIN.

St. Petersburgh, 25th July, 1815.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The following Speech of the King of France, at the opening of his Parliament, is translated from the Bordelais Gazette, of the 17th of October.

Paris, October 7, 1815.

This day the King opened the chambers, in the hall of the sittings of the chamber of deputies. Salutes of artillery announced his Majesty's arrival. The King was met at the foot of the steps of the great portico, by a deputation from the chamber of peers, and another from the deputies. The Duke de Orleans and the Prince de Conde, received his Majesty at the top of the stairs of the portico. At his Majesty's entrance, the whole assembly arose, crying, "Vive le Roi!" His Majesty placed himself upon his throne; the assembly was standing and uncovered; the King ordered the peers to be seated, and the Chancellor having given, in his Majesty's name, permission to the deputies to seat themselves—a profound silence reigned—when his Majesty pronounced the following discourse:—

"*Gentlemen*—When, last year, I assembled the two Houses for the first time, I felicitated myself upon having, by an honorable treaty, restored peace to France; she began to taste the fruits of it; all the sources of public prosperity were re-opened. A criminal enterprize, seconded by the most inconceivable defection, came to stop its course. The evils which that ephemeral usurpation have caused to our country, afflict me deeply. I ought, however, to declare in this place, that if it had been possible for them to have affected me only, I should bless Providence for them.

The *tokens of love* that my people gave me, even in the most critical moments, alleviated my individual sufferings; but those of my subjects, of my children, oppress my heart: and in order to put an end to that state of things, more grievous than war itself, I have deemed it my duty to conclude with the powers who, after having overthrown the usurper, at present occupy a great part of our territory, a convention which settles our present and future relations with them. It shall be communicated to you without reserve, so soon as it shall have received its last form. You will know, Gentlemen, and all France will know, the great pain that I must have felt; but the very safety of my kingdom rendered that great determination necessary; and when I took that determination, I felt the duties that it imposed on me.

I have ordered that, this year, a considerable portion of my revenue be taken from the treasury of my civil list, and paid into that of the state.—My family, on being informed of my resolution, offered me a proportionate do-

nation. I ordered similar retrenchments from the salaries and emoluments of all my servants, without exception. I shall always be ready to unite in sacrifices which imperious circumstances impose on my people. The account of the expenses will be delivered to you, and you will know the importance of the economy that I have directed in the departments of my ministers, and in all parts of the administration. Happy will it be if those measures can be adequate to the burthens of the state! In every event, I rely upon the devotion of the nation, and the zeal of the two chambers.

But, gentlemen, other cares, more pleasing, and not less important, assemble you this day. It is to give more weight to your deliberations; it is in order myself to have the assistance of additional talents, that I have created new peers, and that the number of the deputies of departments has been augmented. I hope that I have succeeded in my choice;—and the assiduity of the deputies in this difficult conjuncture, is also a proof that they are animated with a future affection for my person, and an ardent love for their country.

It is therefore, with a pleasing joy and a perfect confidence that I assemble you about me. Certain that you will never lose sight of the fundamental bases of the felicity of the state: the frank and loyal union of the Chambers with the King, and respect for the constitutional charter; that charter which I meditated with care before giving it, to which reflection attaches me every day more and more, which I have sworn to maintain, and which you are all, beginning with my family, about to swear to obey, is, without doubt, like all other human institutions susceptible of improvement; but none of us ought to forget, that the danger of innovating, is not far removed from the advantage of meliorating it. Many other important objects offer themselves to your attention; to make religion again flourish, to restore the purity of morals, to establish liberty upon respect to the laws, to render the laws more and more analogous to those great objects, to give stability to public credit, to recompose the army, to heal the wounds that have too much rent the bosom of our country, to secure in short internal tranquility, and thereby to cause France to be respected from without; those are the objects to attain which all our efforts should be directed. I do not flatter myself that so much good can be the work of a single session; but, if at the close of the present legislature, it is perceived that we have made approaches to it, we will have reason to be satisfied with ourselves; I shall spare nothing to attain that end, and I rely, Gentlemen, upon the most active co-operation on your part."

His Majesty having concluded the above discourse, intimated through the Chancellor, to the Princes of the royal family, and to the Princes of the blood, that the present was the time to take the oaths of allegiance to the King, and of obedience to the Constitutional Charter and Laws of the Kingdom. The oath was then successively taken by Monsieur, the Dukes d'Angouleme, de Berry, and de Orleans, and the Prince de Conde. The oath of the Peers was then read by the Chancellor, when each peer standing in his place, answered, "*I swear.*" The oath of the Deputies was next read by the Secretary of State of the Interior, when a member of the chamber of deputies, on being called to take the oath, asked leave to speak; Monsieur the Duke de Richelieu, president of the council of ministers, immediately approached the King, received his orders and said—The immemorial usuage of the monarchy does not permit, in similar circumstances, any person to speak in presence of the King, without his Majesty's permission; his Majesty orders that the calling of the Members be continued. The deputy took the oath. The oath having been taken by all the deputies, Monsieur the Chancellor of France declared in the name of the King that the Session of the chamber of peers and of the chamber of deputies, for the year 1815 was open, and that the chambers were to reassemble on Monday next, to commence the course of their sittings. His Majesty then descended from his throne, and left the hall amidst the same acclamations with which he had been received on his entering it. Salutes of artillery announced the King's departure and his return to the castle of the Thuilleries.